Vol. 1 Fall 2024

MITZPEH

contents

Welcome

Letter from the Editor by Ava Rowse 3

Ideas

Spirituality in College by Anonymous 4

Ask Bubbe Column by Gabi Rothschild 5

Interview with Alex Woz by Zoe Bayewitz 6

Interivew with Matisiyahu by Ava Rowse 8

A Letter to my Community by Alexa Boltax 10

The Rise of Radiohead by Shai Margulies 13

Story of a Mizrahi Family by Ava Rowse 14

Style

The Mitzpeh Playlist 18

Channukah Fashion Guide by Leora Rothschild 19

Third Miracle of Chanukah by Leora Rothschild 20

Art

Photography 22

Poetry 26

The Problem is the Books by Nira Dayanim 30

Puzzles and Games 32

Welcome to the first ever Mitzpeh Magazine!

I hope this magazine finds you well. Before you flip the page, I wanted to take a moment to introduce ourselves. Mitzpeh is the University of Maryland's Jewish student publication, and we have been a home to Jewish ideas since 1983. A wide variety of Jewish students come to write for Mitzpeh and have contributed to the ongoing literature of Jewish history.

In this magazine you will encounter a diverse selection of ideas. Some of them you may agree with, and some you may not. Maybe it will feel reminiscent of our ancient texts; Jewish ideas compiled together, meant to be shared and discussed among the community. Looking back on Jewish history, I have come to understand that without lively disagreements and passionate discussions, our culture would not have survived. I view the diversity of the Jewish culture as its very life force.

This magazine is an attempt to turn the mission of Mitzpeh into something truly tangible. Something you can feel. The Mitzpeh staff and its wonderful contributors wanted to provide a documentation of this past year. Through interviews, opinion pieces, poetry, photography, and more, we have tried to express ourselves authentically.

Our hope is that you enjoy reading this magazine, and that you earnestly grapple with the ideas contained inside.

Sincerely, Ava Rowse
Mitzpeh Editor-in-Chief

Thank you to all of our contributors!

Editors:
Zoe Bayewitz
Liad Mussaffi
Leora Rotschild
Lilah Cohen
Dafna Kutliroff
Calvin Bernstein

Contributors:
Shai Margulies
Charlie Summers
Nira Dayanim
Gabi Rothschild
Ilana Zlotchenko
Alexa Boltax
Eli Blatter
Eli Turansky

Spirituality in College: A Lone Ship Lost at Sea

By: An anonymous UMD student

"Recently, how have things been for you spiritually?"
"I don't know. Messy?"

Messy has to be the only way to describe it. It's such a complicated relationship happening in such a complicating environment. How have things been? I don't know, by what metric? There's such a temptation to gauge my spirituality by some number or pattern of practice. Something I can look at and measure progress through. But, it's messy. Yeah, I might have dragged myself to Shachrit for the past couple of days but what does that ever tell me? Was standing there quietly losing track of my thoughts during Shmona Esrei some vague form of progress or anything remotely positive, simply because it happened?

I go back and forth. I think of the Sefer HaChinuch 16: "You must know, that a man is acted upon according to his actions; and his heart and all his thoughts always follow after the actions that he does — whether good or bad." Yeah, I hear it, but what was my actual action? What happened this morning? The Rambam writes that one should clear their mind from all throughs and envision themselves as if they are standing in front of the Divine Presence (Hilchot Tefillah 4:16). Did I act as if I was standing in front of the King, the creator of all reality? My ridiculous performance of tefilah? What am I doing here?

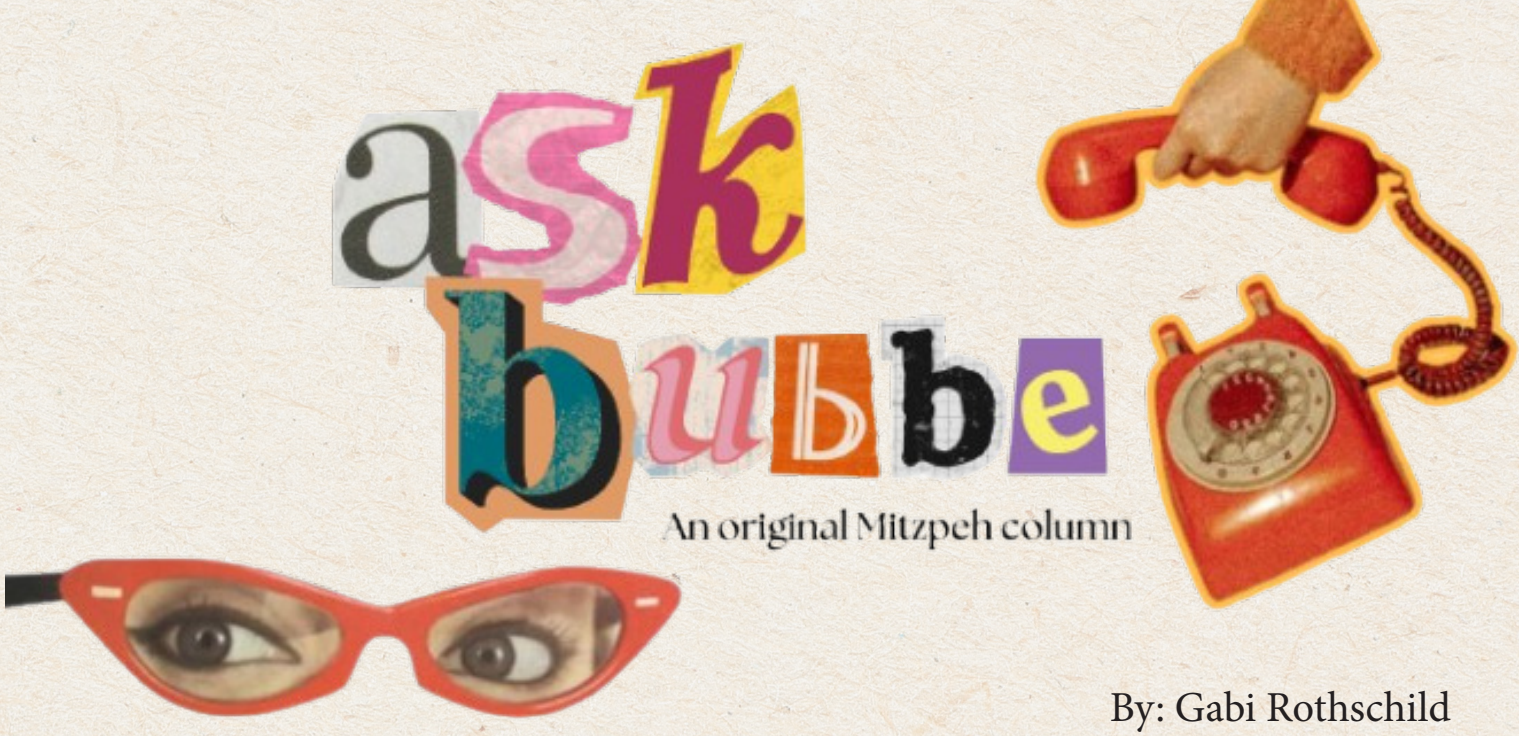
How could this possibly be better than sleeping in? If anything, there's a fair argument that it would have been better to sleep in than to have made such a mockery of this holy act. How did my lifeless davening this morning move any needle, accomplish anything anywhere? Is rote engagement supposed to be some good deed if it's devoid of legitimate emotional investment? If so, how?

My better self would argue that the more times I go to davening, the more opportunities I'll have to ultimately have more meaningful prayers. He'll argue that you'll never have the chance for a deep connection if you never make the space, and showing up is part of doing that work. He'd argue that each moment is an infinitely valuable opportunity to connect with something greater and to form of myself a more perfect vessel for God's light in this world. Maybe. But at this moment, when it's 7:23am and I went to sleep 5 and a half hours ago and I haven't said Birkat Hamazon in 2 weeks and with my only conscious thought I'm trying to remember if I said the brachas in the right order or if I skipped one a couple back, I'm so impossibly far away from him that the arguments sound like noise.

How long has it been like this? Outside of flashes, I haven't felt truly spiritually connected in months. At times the most connected I feel is simply remembering times in the past when things were good. Vague warm notions from times in yeshiva or trips to Israel. Times when life felt like a continuous experience of actualizing ethics, ideals, and traditions. Taking an action felt like some existential statement. I wasn't simply putting on tefillin in the morning, I was manifesting God's will, affirming my commitment to Jewish values, and connecting myself to a system of life that I found meaning in. Prayer didn't feel like a monologue, but simply my turn in an ongoing conversation. Non-adherence, too, was spiritually loaded. At times of conflict or uncertainty, my forgoing of some particularity in a mitzvah felt like a statement in some saga I thought myself in. There was still an ebb and flow of commitment and belief, but everything I was doing took significance within that battle. When I was at a real spiritual high point was I ever thinking of it in terms of numbers? I wasn't thinking of myself on a "minyan streak" or self-congratulating on the most recent chavruta not hastily cancelled. It was different.

Or maybe I was delusional. Maybe I was convincing myself of something because I wanted it to be true. Maybe, at a moment of existential questioning, I latched onto a worldview that felt normal and respectable and culturally celebrated because I wanted certainty and comfort. Of course I signed on the dotted line, life was so easy then. I was living in a system engineered to make this lifestyle work. What about now? Why don't I feel that Truth that I was connected to anymore? Was any of that real? But then again what's more real about this feeling now than what felt real to me then?

I find it hard to escape that pit. I'll stay there for a while, dragging my feet, falling further and further out of sight of something I'd aspire to.



By: Gabi Rothschild

Dear Bubbe,

Oh em gee Bubbe, the other night, I went out with some gurl friends, and things got a tad crazy. We went partying, dancing and running around. My friends and I had many adventures throughout the night but I definitely took a fall at some point. To be honest, Bubbe, I can't remember most of it, but we had fun. I woke up today, and I found my favorite white shirt in shambles! It's COVERED in stains; I swear it might be RUINED. Some of the stains could be blood, maybe some throw-up and eggs. I don't know, but it looks like a mess. I don't want to wash it yet because I know heat can set stains, and I don't want to throw the shirt away. What can I do, Bubbe? Please help me save this shirt!!

Mameleh!

Wow! What a night! I must tell you my child, Bubbe recently had a night like this too, just last week. My girls and I went to our usual bingo night, and while we were catching up, this gorgeous man walked in. Wow, mameleh, Bubbe must get his number for you! I called him "YouuuHooo!" to get his attention. Suddenly, I was telling him about my beautiful granddaughters, and he told me he's single, Jewish and studying to be a doctor! You'd LOVE him. Bubbe does! He took us to this small bar. It was called C-Rock? C-Stone? Bubbe was enjoying some wine and good conversation and then so many people showed up! And our guest (your future husband) bought us shots! Bubbe doesn't remember the last time she danced so much with her girls. What a night tattle. After, your future husband insisted on walking us home. What a mensch.

Anyway, it's important not to get your hopes up. Stains aren't always easy but they're definitely afraid of your old Bubbe. To get this schmutz off your lovely white shirt, you should soak it in cold water for a couple of hours. Afterward, I would take a toothbrush (one you're willing to throw away after...) and scrub the remaining stains to see if the grime comes off. For the blood, before putting the shirt in the washing machine, put some hydrogen peroxide on the stain and let it sit. And just in case you got a grease stain on it, considering the delicious food you probably ate during your mishegoss night, apply some dish soap on the stain; scrub with a toothbrush again, and then use some baking soda and let that sit overnight. After all this work, it should be good to go in the wash! I don't want to be a noodge, but please stay safe, neshama for your Bubbe that worries and loves you.

Meet Alex Woz, the Jewish artist fighting antisemitism

By: Zoe Bayewitz

Alex Woz grew up as an Argentinian Jew surrounded by hateful rhetoric, directly targeting his identity. When his family immigrated to Los Angeles, they were met with constant and rampant antisemitism; they had rocks thrown at them and swastikas were painted on his locker at school.

"Four of the nine kids I had invited to my Bar Mitzvah at age 13 turned out to be neo-Nazi skinheads only five years later," according to Woz's biography.

Woz, who's now 26, felt the need to bury his identity, accumulating shame for an aspect of his identity that was constantly ridiculed.

Woz grew up to be an artist– which he always had been, drawing encouragement from his artistic mother. His art didn't reflect his Jewish identity; he originally painted landscapes and anatomy.

"Before my art had a meaning, before it had a purpose that existed outside of myself, it was purposeless. It was voiceless. It existed for no other reason than I liked to do it," Woz said in the interview.

Woz shared his experiences of antisemitism, developing his graphic design skills and his biggest artist influences.

The antisemitism he faced finally hit a breaking point, and Woz decided to explore his Jewish identity rather than hide from it.

"I got in touch with my local Chabad, began studying Torah, and immersed myself in the Jewish community of Los Angeles, learning as much as I could from my peers," Woz's biography explained.

Woz began seeing artistic inspiration in his religious studies, and changed the focus of his creations.

"When I started making artwork for the Jewish people, and once my art actually had a purpose beyond itself, I became a lot more…motivated," he said about his Jewish artwork.

He struggled to publish his art at first because he dealt with perfectionism and criticized his own work. He also knew that publishing unapologetically Jewish art would come with a price, namely his career, which was in designing album covers.

Woz was suddenly faced with a dilemma.

He had a question to ask himself: "Are you going to commit career suicide in the name of actually representing what's right and what you know to be inherently true?"

According to Woz, his approach to Judaism used to be a "sanitized" way–with no mention of Israel or Zionism– just the most inoffensive, secular version of Judaism there is. He knew that in order to publish his Jewish art, he had to be willing to lose "friends"; those who invalidated Israel's right to exist, especially after the events of Oct. 7.

"If I have to commit career suicide to maybe get this out there or to encourage more people to do this, I'll be the first one," Woz said.

After jeopardizing friendships and career opportunities to keep his identity, he made undoubtedly Jewish, Zionist designs.

"I expected more backlash, but I actually got way more love, way more people giving applause to me," Woz said about his transition to Jewish art. "For every message that I get that's hate, I get 500 that are of love."

Now, Woz is confident in the impact his art has made.

"My Tikkun, my purpose in life, which is to make art, to empower Jewish people, really revealed to me the psychology of why artists share their art to begin with," Woz said.

Woz's art is known by Jewish creatives around the world, with over 30,000 followers on Instagram. Students at the University of Maryland feel inspired by his unique merging of art with Jewish values.

"We can be Jewish, but also be authentic to our artsy self, which isn't really represented a lot," said Lily Katz, a junior sociology major at the University of Maryland. "I think it's even more powerful to merge your own interests with Judaism."

Woz draws inspiration for his artwork from both of his parents. His mother's artistry encouraged him to make art; she wanted for her son what she too dreamt of.

"[At] age 12 to 13, my mom had to work in a factory in Argentina, and she would take her paycheck to the paint store to buy paints," Woz said.

Woz's father loves '70s music, and the design of that era– album covers, funky prints– attracted Woz, which influences his unique, retro style of artwork. He is drawn by "things that are weird, things that don't make sense, things that break rules."

"I grew up listening to, you know, all of the best '70s music, like Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, Genesis, all of these bands. And one of the things that I loved the most was the album cover," Woz said. "The '70s was such a renaissance for great art and great design and great music."

Orrin Berkeley, a senior animal science major at the University of Maryland, appreciated the modernity of his art.

"Jewish art in the past…always felt like it was a bit ancient, or at least a century old. It was very like, 'Jewish culture is the Fiddler on the Roof,'" Berkeley said. "[His art] makes me feel as though I can be Jewish and keep it seriously, while being a modern person."

Woz also pulls influence from E.M. Lilien, a printmaker and illustrator who captured the complex identities of Israelis in the early 1900s. Lilien photographed people in Israel and illustrated them, displaying true Jewish identities to the world.

"[Lilien's] work deals with Jewishness on a really real lens," Woz said. "He showed that we are a Middle Eastern people…that we are an indigenous people, very profoundly."

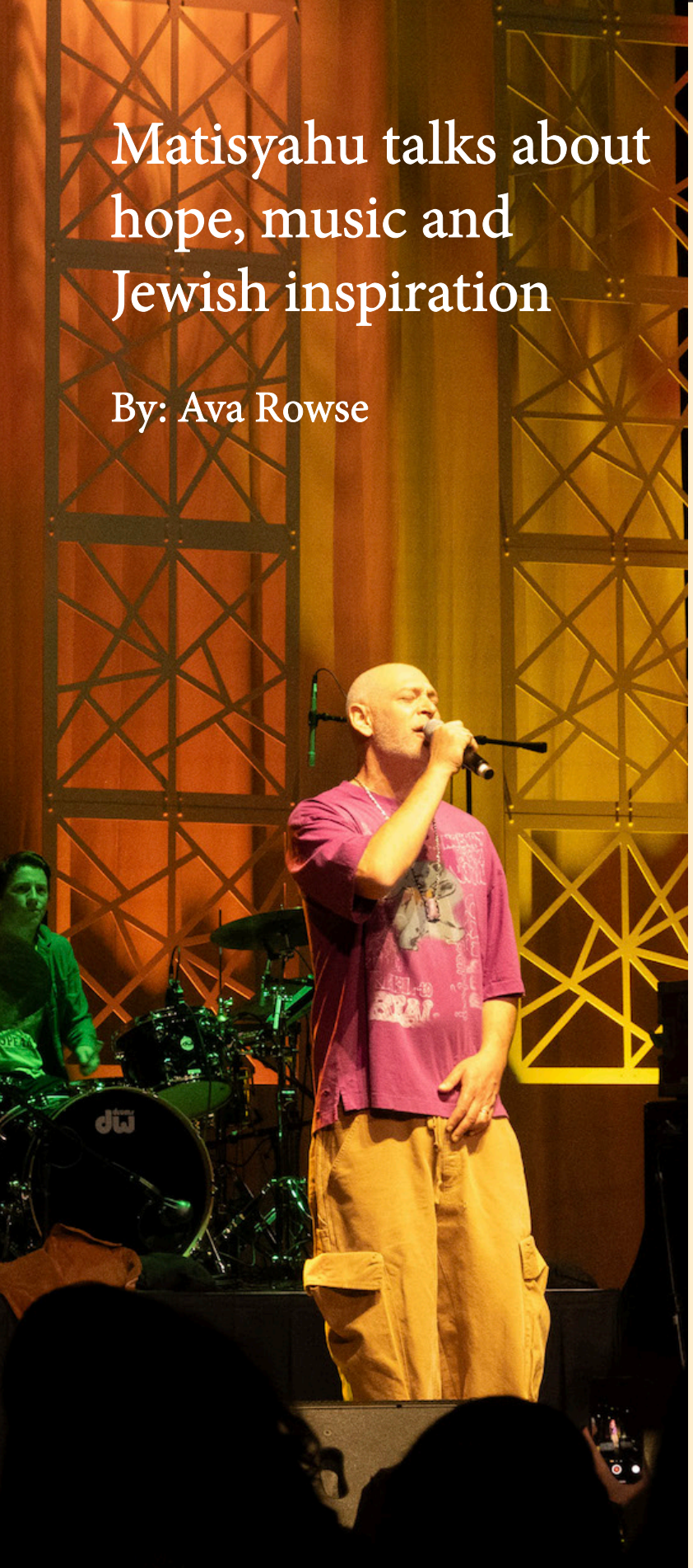
Woz continues capturing the Jewish diversity that Lilien did, aiming to represent the robust culture of Judaism and Israelis.

Woz encouraged students, especially Jewish artists, to stick with their identity, advocate for themselves and embrace their Judaism in everything they do.

He explained that Jewish artists have two options. They either have to take on the burden and pressure of being a Jewish artist, or "[create] art that's not authentic. You're creating art that's not you, and that sounds like a punishment rather than a reward."

Matisyahu talks about hope, music and Jewish inspiration

By: Ava Rowse



Matisyahu at the Beacon Theatre | Ava Rowse

Matisyahu dreamed of playing at the Beacon Theatre in New York City since he was a college student. On Nov. 3, he performed his first show at that very venue for a group of Jewish college students.

"I have a feeling it's gonna be like a full circle moment, like from the time when I was your guys' age," Matisyahu said in an interview with Mitzpeh on Friday.

The famous Jewish reggae singer spoke to Mitzpeh via Zoom just days before his show at Yallapalooza, Hillel International's series of concerts hosted in New York City, Philadelphia and Boston.

Matisyahu expressed his excitement to perform for Jewish students who have faced immense antisemitism on their campuses since Oct. 7, 2023.

When asked what he hopes to bring to the venue that night, his answer was simple: "Pure Jewish inspiration."

Matisyahu's songs have held deep significance for Jewish children who grew up in the 2000s. His most famous song, "One Day," released in 2009, is a song about peace.

As Jewish children grew up hearing about terror attacks that plagued Israeli communities, this song represented hope for a better future.

"All my life I've been waiting for, I've been praying for, for the people to say, that we don't want to fight no more, there'll be no more wars, and our children will play… one day… one day… one day," the lyrics to "One Day" say.

The song's chorus feels as poignant as ever, as Israel enters the second year of the Israel-Hamas War.

Mitzpeh asked Matisyahu if the meaning of his song had changed for him in the year after Oct. 7.

“Well, I think that for Jews, the idea of peace is quintessential,” Matisyahu said. “I think no matter how much violence we have to endure, we can’t ever lose that vision.”

He talked about the complicated nature of peace-building, noting that what people often disagree on is the way to achieve it. His job in the journey for peace, though, is to remind Jewish people to never let go of the vision.

“No matter what, try not to break that vision,” Matisyahu said.

Despite the hopeful nature of his music, he shared that he hasn’t made much music since Oct. 7, 2023.

"I've been listening to a lot of Israeli music lately,” Matisyahu said. “It just makes you feel so happy and like, you just feel like, we're gonna get through this."

Music has always been a way Matisyahu has connected to his Judaism and spirituality. He described his journey of studying Torah and Kabbalah during the time he was most religious in his life, realizing all of the musical material within the ancient texts.

“Whether it's Tehillim, or quotes from the Torah, or just ideas. As I started studying more and more and getting deeper and deeper into it, it became kind of the basis for my songs,” Matisyahu said.

"Judaism has always somehow been kind of connected to the music I make,” Matisyahu shared. “My identity has always been connected to it."

Through all of the stages in his life, dealing with hardships and celebrations, Judaism has been a consistent theme throughout his music.

The way he personally relates to Orthodox Jewish practice has fluctuated, but his love for Jewish thought has remained.

“Even though I’m not that religious now, I still feel that Judaism is a very spiritual and truthful place to pull ideas from." For Matisyahu, Jewish texts have “shifted into a creative place, more than a lifestyle or a dogma.”

Judaism, of course, isn’t his sole musical inspiration. The first concert Matisyahu ever attended was Bruce Springsteen, which catapulted him into the world of music. The band Phish can be credited for his love for live music.

"Phish had a huge impact on me in terms of understanding a live show could transport a person into a completely different space. An inner space,” Matisyahu said.

His appreciation for reggae music is undeniable, and its traditional sounds can be heard in every one of Matisyahu’s songs. His introduction to reggae music was Bob Marley, someone he said is “still the dopest and the deepest.”

Examining the contexts behind Jewish and biblical symbols and themes used in Marley’s music led him down a path of self-discovery. Matisyahu’s early career was marked by figuring out how he could make a specific place along the intersection of Judaism and reggae music.

During the concert he put on for a crowd of excited Jewish college students, he played the songs “Sunshine,” “Jerusalem,” “Live Like a Warrior” and of course, “One Day.” As the show came to a close, the crowd repeated, in song, the lyrics to “One Day.”

“One day… one day… one day…” This declaration of hope was precisely what Matisyahu wanted to bring to the event that night. His hope that Jewish students will never let go of the vision for peace will be made true because of his powerful music.

A letter to my community

By: Alexa Boltax

An honest confrontation with American Jewish identity and our role in shaping a more just future.

To the community that raised me,

I return to you waving a white flag, arms down, not to argue, not to preach. It's been a while since we last connected, and much has happened in that time. Despite the distance, I want you to know that my love and gratitude for you remain strong. I carry with me the joy and kindness you brought into my life; those memories are precious to me. But today, I come with a message, one I hope you'll receive with open hearts and without the instinctive walls of defense. As I've listened to our community's voices over the past year, I hope you'll also hear mine.

This is not a solution to the complex issues of Zionism or the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Rather, this is an invitation to see our community from a different lens, to grapple with the narratives that raised us and to acknowledge the perspectives we may have overlooked. The events of Oct. 7, deeply tragic on their own, are not the only source of my pain. Another extremely painful ache comes from the silence, denial and defensiveness I hear within our community when it comes to Palestinian suffering. My sorrow is layered: there's the intense grief of witnessing ongoing violence in Gaza, and there's the dissonance I feel hearing our community—safely nestled in suburban homes—insist that the world is against us, even as we are empowered and supported by systems that protect and privilege us.

I see a painful contradiction: we see ourselves as perpetual victims, yet we're shielded from confronting the broader context of violence and dispossession around us, as if our suffering exists in a vacuum.

This self-victimization and lack of self-awareness not only distances us from movements that combat all forms of injustice, but has, in many ways, contributed to the villainization of "the Zionist." The failure to recognize the intersectionality of social and political issues and the oppression of others is a moral failure, as well as a belief that isolates us from the broader vision of liberation and justice. By clinging to the notion that our pain is unique as if all other groups' pain isn't, we estrange ourselves from the very people and movements that, in their ideal forms, fight for the liberation of all peoples. This feels like a betrayal of the Jewish values we were raised with—values of justice, compassion and love– not only for our own, but for all humanity. Before we can see a change in policy, I hope we can make a change in our perspective and spirit, a reclaiming of values I once felt were essential.

Zionism, a movement rooted in the history of diaspora Judaism, was a bedrock in our Modern Orthodox community. It's almost ironic as we grew up with a constant stream of Zionist narratives, but looking back, I saw little engagement with the movement outside of vacationing in Israel. The grandiose portrayal of Zionism—the idea that we were returning to the "promised land"—felt like little more than spiritual tourism, a cycle of vacations to Israel, reverent talk of a "promised land," but little genuine connection to the lives of the people there, Jewish or otherwise. At the end of the day, it was an American, consumerist vision of Israel—one that offered luxurious trips to a Jewish utopia but failed to acknowledge the complex history and current realities of Palestinian lives, of occupation, of ethical contradictions.

This American Zionism felt like an ideology with no grounding in lived experiences or ethical engagement with the world. It was a political stance that used Jewish identity as a shield for policies that perpetuated harm to others. Zionism, in this context, became synonymous with the defense of the Israeli state at all costs, even if it meant denying the humanity of Palestinians and turning a blind eye to the systemic oppression they face. This blind allegiance to Zionism wasn't just a political issue—it was spiritual. Growing up in this community, I came to realize that their practice of Judaism, while fervent, often felt disconnected from compassion. Adorned in Lulu Lemon and Aviator Nation, they were able to preach religious superiority and condemn assimilation, believing they embodied modern Judaism simply because they visited Israel every year.

I am extremely aware of the reality of Jewish trauma. Growing up Jewish meant coming to terms with a history full of suffering and exile—of pogroms, the Holocaust, the constant specter of antisemitism. Yet I'm beginning to feel that if our response to that pain is to turn inward, to guard ourselves with suspicion and fear, we end up losing more than we protect. I want us to remember our history, yes, but in a way that opens us to the suffering of others, not one that isolates us. We're not alone in experiencing persecution; hatred of "the other" is an ancient, shared pain. When we let our fears drive us into isolation, we lose the opportunity to connect with others who have faced different but equally painful paths. Standing together, not apart, may be one way forward.

Through this journey, I've also rediscovered parts of our Jewish heritage that feel heartbreakingly neglected. I think of the Bundist movement—a movement that once defined Jewish life in Eastern Europe, one built on a legacy of art, music and a commitment to justice. The Bundists believed that Jewish identity could flourish without nationalism, that we could create a vibrant, loving community without physical or ideological walls. I wonder what it might look like if we, as American Jews, could reclaim that legacy, if we could embrace the richness of our heritage that doesn't rely solely on geopolitics. We have such a wealth of stories, songs, ideals and traditions that defined Jewish life for generations, but it feels like they've been gradually forgotten, lost in favor of an American Zionist ideology. And with that loss, we've lost something irreplaceable—as an Ashkenazi Jew, I think of the Yiddish language that was the heart of our people, the labor songs that expressed our struggle and resilience, the humor and poetry that spoke to the pain and joy of our ancestors' lives. This shift has changed what it means to be a Jew in the diaspora, transforming a once richly layered identity into something deeply assimilated into American culture—politicized, nationalistic and disconnected from the fullness of our past.

In prioritizing Zionism and a nationalist vision, we've not only sidelined beautiful elements of Jewish heritage, but also failed to engage with the very complexities that Zionism itself claims to address. The ugly truth is I grew up in a community where Zionism was placed above almost everything else—a community that encouraged teens to join the IDF, to spend gap years in Israel and forge an intimate relationship with the country, but provided little opportunities to learn about the conflict's complexity or Israel's political landscape. And I most certainly did form that connection, as I know all my peers from Jewish day school did as well; it's a bond that makes this message of utmost importance to me. Today, I see friends from high school who have moved to Israel, some even serving in the IDF, with little understanding of the issues at stake or even how Israel's government operates. I remember before Oct. 7, sitting in a high school friend's beautiful new apartment in Herzliya, asking her if she had voted in Israel's recent election. She said no, explaining that she didn't really know how the government worked. I cautiously brought up the occupation, and she repeated the same dead-end rhetoric we grew up with. I pushed back on this and she immediately folded, admitting she "didn't know much." This friend had effortlessly moved from a mansion in Potomac to a beautiful apartment just a short walk from the Mediterranean—a life many Palestinians can only dream of as they are barred from citizenship due to Zionist policies—yet she had done so without questioning her privilege or educating herself on the broader political and social landscape that allowed her to do this.

That memory lingers—not to criticize my friend, as this ignorance is a symptom of the very thing I am trying to critique here, but as a reminder of how pervasive these gaps in knowledge and empathy are. I often hear us talk about why peace seems out of reach, why "they" don't want peace, but rarely do I see us asking if we're ready for it ourselves. Are we prepared to confront our own biases, to recognize the unexamined prejudice that might still live within us? The uncomfortable truth is that many religious American Jews I grew up with, people I love, still carry ingrained biases against Arabs, and these beliefs go largely unquestioned. This is where our work begins as American Jews: we must examine these blind spots within ourselves and our communities. To build the sort of peace we wish to see, we must first be willing to look inward and acknowledge that our path to healing requires not just an understanding of the other, but also a reckoning with the ways we perpetuate harm. It is not enough to simply call for peace if we are not ready to embrace the uncomfortable conversations that challenge the narratives we've been raised with. True peace can only come when we take accountability for our role in sustaining the division and occupation and, from our position of immense privilege, make meaningful efforts for change.

This reflection is just one piece of an impossible puzzle. I don't pretend that my perspective can "solve" anything, but I believe it might be one step toward healing within our community as well as a path to making meaningful discourse with those outside our community. By understanding ourselves better, by reckoning with our own biases and responsibilities, we can open the door to conversations that are not only more honest, but more empathetic. This understanding allows us to engage with others in a way that helps them understand us better, too. This message is about reflecting on our own responsibilities, our own role, and moving forward with a commitment to open-hearted change. If we genuinely hope for peace, it has to begin with an honest reckoning within our hearts, our homes and our communities.

B'shalom,
Alexa Boltax

The rise of Radiohead and the power of music

By: Shai Margulies

When most people think about the band Radiohead, only one song comes to mind. First released on their original studio album, "Creep" has become one of the most famous grunge “slacker anthems” of all time. Ironically, "Creep" is vastly different from most other prolific Radiohead songs. While I consider myself a Radiohead fan, it was not until I listened to the history of Radiohead on one of my favorite podcasts, “One Song,” that I learned about Radiohead's fascinating history.

Radiohead recorded "Creep" during the sessions for their debut album, "Pablo Honey." The song was written by Thom Yorke, who was inspired by a strange night out. Yorke described how he saw a beautiful woman whom he wanted to impress, but ended up feeling utterly inadequate and frustrated. This intense mix of desire and self-doubt seeped into the lyrics: “I’m a creep, I’m a weirdo. What the hell am I doing here?” It’s an anthem for everyone who’s ever felt out of place, and its raw honesty made it stand out.

Despite the band’s ultimate stardom, Radiohead’s early career was anything but smooth. When "Creep" was first released as a single, it barely made a ripple in the UK. It was even blacklisted by the BBC after three plays as it was thought to be “too depressing” to air on the radio. All hope seemed lost for the struggling artists of Radiohead-- until something unexpected happened.

The song that British listeners rejected struck a chord somewhere else: Israel. Israeli DJs and radio stations took an instant liking to "Creep," playing it on rotation and helping it gain traction in the local music scene. By the early '90s, it was a massive hit in Israel. In fact, the song became so popular there that it propelled Radiohead into the global spotlight, ultimately helping it gain traction across Europe and the United States.

Radiohead's success in Israel marked the beginning of a special bond between Radiohead and Israeli fans. The song’s introspective lyrics, emotional depth and Yorke's haunting delivery resonated deeply with Israelis, especially younger listeners. It became an anthem for those grappling with identity, insecurity and the desire for self-acceptance.

Thom Yorke’s relationship with Israel has only grown over the years. While some musicians have avoided the country due to political tensions, Yorke has remained a steadfast supporter of Israel and Israeli fans. He has been vocal in his resistance to cultural boycotts against the country, emphasizing the importance of connecting with fans directly and not allowing politics to sever that relationship. In interviews, Yorke has stated that he doesn’t believe boycotts bring about constructive change, and he’s been adamant about Radiohead performing in Israel, even when it sparked controversy.

Yorke’s stance has strengthened Radiohead’s connection with Israeli fans, solidifying the band's reputation as not just an international sensation, but a group that genuinely values its listeners, regardless of geographical or political divides.

I think Thom York's message about the importance of connecting with all fans is extremely powerful. In today's political climate, where many of my favorite artists have taken extremely negative stances towards Israel and its role in the Middle Eastern conflict, I sometimes feel locked out of these musical spaces. As if these songs that I love aren’t “for me” because I possess a specific identity or political view. As a result, I have been struggling to grapple with the idea of listening to and supporting artists that reject my identity and make influential political statements, despite being grossly miseducated.

While I admit that there is definitely a place for political art and culture, I think that music which transcends politics is also something we desperately need in our increasingly polarized world. Ultimately, Thom York’s message of allowing art to speak for itself and not letting politics get in the way of sharing that art is a belief that I think all musical artists should consider adopting.

A Mizrahi Family Story

A conversation between Josh Mizrahi and his father

By: Ava Rowse

A picture of Josh's dad (far left) in Iran with his brothers. (Courtesy of Josh Mizrahi)

For centuries, the Jewish story has been marked by migration, persecution and the search for freedom. Those same Jewish stories have also been ones of resilience, community and resistance. Jewish stories, both happy and sad, have been made and told in various countries, surviving against all odds. For one Iranian-Jewish family, the Mizrahi family, their story spans decades and continents.

Mizrahim, translating from Hebrew as "Eastern," are the Jewish people that come from the Middle East and North Africa. These Jewish communities have existed in the Middle East dating all the way back to late antiquity, over a thousand years before the advent of Islam.

After the Arab-Israeli War in 1948, 850,000 Jews were expelled from their home countries. Since then, Arab countries effectively ethnically cleansed their countries of Jews.

While Jews once thrived in these countries, many Mizrahim were forced to find refuge in Israel or the United States.

Josh Mizrahi, a junior majoring in Persian studies from Rockville, Maryland, interviewed his father, Yousef Mizrahi, to discover more about his family's story.

Yousef was born in Esfahan, a city in central Iran. Josh's mother, Rebeka Pirouzian, was born in Tehran, Iran's capital city.

Josh's grandfather's student ID from fifth grade. (Courtesy of Josh Mizrahi)

Both of these cities had thriving Jewish communities in the past, and are still home to a small but proud Jewish community today.

Yousef was 22 during the peak of the Iran-Iraq War in November of 1982, when his family made the decision to flee Iran. They feared Yousef would be pulled off the streets and forced into the military at any moment.

His family scraped together enough money to pay smugglers to get Yousef and his 14-year-old brother out of Iran. Their journey was brutal, but the risks of staying put were much greater.

They first flew to Zahedan, a tense border city, where smugglers met them in a beaten-up pickup truck. With no questions asked, they drove through the night, deep into the desert, crossing the harsh borderlands into Pakistan. There, they managed to get tickets to Madrid, waiting there for over a month. Eventually, the smugglers got them tickets to America for the last leg of their journey.

20 years later, Yousef returned to Iran to get married, planning on being introduced to some young women in the city.

One night after Shabbat at a nearby park, by the stroke of luck, he saw Rebeka waiting for another date and began talking to her. After one week of dating, they set an engagement date for three weeks later. After dealing with a string of paperwork, citizenship roadblocks and the mourning of Rebeka's father, the two of them returned to America to start a Jewish family that would carry on the rich traditions of Persian Jewry.

Yousef did not want to leave his beloved home in Iran. It was something he knew he had to do, but leaving pained him deeply.

Josh and his siblings have enjoyed honoring Persian Jewish traditions. It helps them connect to their parents, the rest of their family and the broader Iranian-Jewish community.

The Mizrahi family frequently eats a dish called Gondi, which is a meatball dish made exclusively by Persian Jews. Similar to the Ashkenazi matzo ball soup, Gondi is served every Shabbat and Jewish holiday, a memory of Iran at their dining room table every week.

Some of Josh's fondest memories of Persian Jewish traditions were hitting each other with spring onions during the song "Dayenu" at the Pesach Seder, and eating cow tongue on Rosh Hashanah instead of a fish head.

Josh's mother (middle front) with her sisters and parents in Iran. (Courtesy of Josh Mizrahi)

Josh when he visited Iran as a kid with some of his cousins, siblings, his mom and aunt in the back of his uncle's truck. (courtesy of Josh Mizrahi)

Perhaps his favorite passed-down tradition is the language of Farsi. Josh shared that his family only speaks Farsi in their house, and that all of his siblings have been taught the language by their parents.

Knowing Farsi is a large part of the reason Josh is able to connect with his family that still lives in Iran. Despite Iran and Israel's undeniable tensions, and the Islamic State's hatred for Jews, the Iranian Jewish communities refuse to disperse.

Josh has family in both Esfahan and Tehran today, the two cities his parents are originally from. His aunts, uncles, cousins, nephews and his grandmother live in Iran. They have everything a normal Jewish community would have: synagogues, Jewish schools and mikvahs (Jewish ritual bathhouses).

Josh shared that his family faces discrimination within Iran. Jewish people cannot work for the government in Iran, and they are given a hard time for being Jewish. They have been called "jahood," which is a slur used in the area, meaning "dirty Jew." Despite the discrimination and hostile country at large, Josh's family is very happy to remain in their hometowns.

They are proud to live peacefully in an Islamic country where Jews have long held a presence.

Josh's family represents the rich and diverse tapestry of Jewish history, and the resilience it takes to keep traditions alive.

Be a Features Writer!

Seeking articles about religion, sports, arts/culture, interviews, profiles, Mitzpeh Matchmaker, history, student org highlights & more!

The Mitzpeh Playlist

2009 - MAC MILLER

תמיד לאורך החוף - ALON ABOUTBOUL

TOMORROW'S GONE - CHARLIE MEGIRA

בקול גדול - ALON EDER

PASSING THROUGH - LEONARD COHEN

בסיבוב - TUNA

IT TAKES A LOT TO TRY - AVIRAM

געגוע - YEHUDIT RAVITZ

FOR MORE COOL SONGS BY COOL JEWS →

Pair your favorite pattern bowtie with matching pants.

The perfect Chankuah Dress: velvet and bows! Pair this with your favorite Chankuah jewelry! Check out this unique bejewled dreidel necklace.

Cozy Sweater Season with your new BOWutiful jeans <3

From head to toe you are a gift

chanukah chic

Dress like the gift that you are.

The Third Miracle of Chanukah: the gift of everlasting light and hope

By: Leora Rothschild

Chanukah is not mentioned in the Torah because the story happened centuries after the Torah was written. In the second century BCE, the Chanukah story emerged and was ultimately recorded in two key narratives.

First, the story of Chanukah was recorded in the Apocrypha. It was ruled that books, such as the two books of Maccabees, should be called Sefarim Chitzoni'im, or 'apocryphal works.' These written words were omitted from the Tanach we know today, a compilation of recorded Torah, Neviim and Ketuvim. In the books of the First and Second Maccabees, the story of Mattathias, the Hasmonean and his son Judah Maccabee revolted against the empire of King Antiochus IV. This empire had outlawed many Jewish practices and sought to destroy Judaism. For example, the King prohibited circumcisions, keeping Sabbath and the study of the Torah. Transgression resulted in punishment by death.

In addition, the story of Chanukah was also recorded in the Talmud. This recount of the Chanukah story only briefly mentions the military victory of the Hasmoneans. Instead, the Talmud focuses on the story of the miracle regarding the remaining oil in the Temple. The Talmud stated that when the Greeks flooded the Temple, they defiled all the oils there. According to Jewish tradition, touching or using the oil for anything other than Godly worship in the Temple rendered the oil impure, thus unfit for use. The Torah states: "...bring you clear oil of pressed olives for the light, so that the lamps may be kept burning continually." While the menorah burned through the night, the oil in the Temple was used to rekindle the menorah daily.

By rendering the oil impure, it could not be used to relight the menorah. This was another way the Greeks prevented the Jewish people from performing Jewish practices.

The loss of light, and ability to perform Jewish rituals, reflected an immense spiritual loss of the Jewish people. The miracle of the holiday was the Maccabees finding pure oil among the "wreckage and defilements of the Temple," which was miraculously enough to light the Menorah for eight days, until it could be sourced again.

The way the story of Chanukah was written in the two books of Maccabees was different from the Talmud's story. While they are both accurate and far from contradictory, the narratives have different focuses.

The Talmud, and the narrative that lives on in Jewish tradition, focused on the miracle of the oil that should have lasted one day, but burned for eight. This focus is even reflected in the name of the holiday, Chanukah. The name "Chanukah" came from the word "chanuch," which means "to dedicate." The "kah" at the end of the name, in Hebrew the letters Kaf Heh, reflect the number 25. The 25th was the day of the relighting of the menorah. Using the pure oil found, the Jewish people were given an opportunity to reclaim and rededicate the Temple as a holy space where Judaism would live on.

Why does the Jewish tradition focus on the miracle of light, more than the military victory?

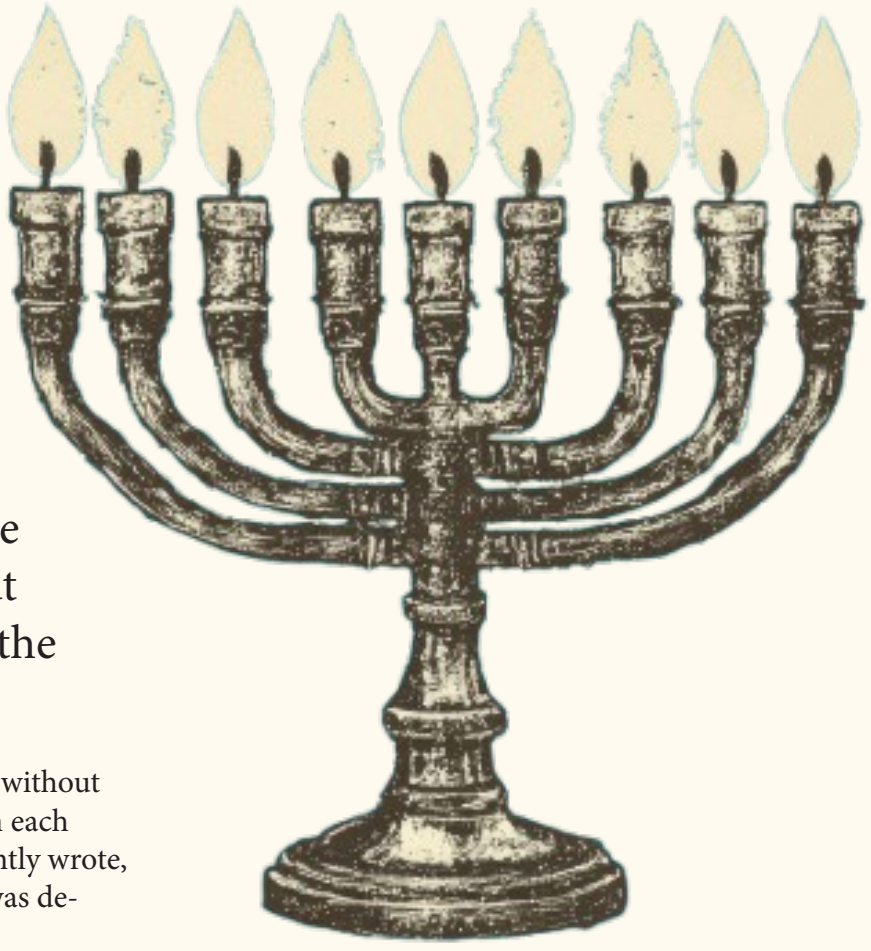
This rededication was a significant turning point in the time of the Second Temple. After the Greeks had outlawed Jewish practices and defiled the Jewish Temple, the military victory became more than a physical war. This was a war between Paganism and the world's only monotheistic faith, Judaism. It was a fight between the Jewish tradition and those who sought to destroy it.

Rabbi Ken Shapiro wrote: "Into this vast polytheistic world [came] the tiny Jewish people with their very unique belief in one God, who was the only God, and the God of everything…The Greeks tried to destroy Judaism, not the Jews…"

In order to defend oneself physically, a nation needs an army. However, to keep an ideology, legacy and spiritual belief alive, a nation needs faith, hope and dedication.

This Jewish resilience was, what the late rabbi and author, Rabbi Lord Jonathan Sacks, called the "third miracle of Chanukah." He wrote: "At times our history has been written in tears, yet we have outlived every empire and every civilization that sought to destroy us. Our spirit, symbolized by the Chanukah candles, is indomitable. Where others spread darkness, let us bring light."

Although the Second Temple's destruction convinced many rabbis that Chanukah should no longer be kept, the decision to continue celebrating the everlasting ideology of Judaism prevailed. This continuation of Jewish values is the reason we still celebrate today. The light of the candles represents the everlasting light of Judaism that prevailed against all odds.



The Talmud's story does not ignore the military victory, but rather it focuses on the true embodiment of the victory: the light. The Greeks tried to extinguish the light of the Jewish people, but hope and action allowed for the persistence of Judaism.

This is what we celebrate. This is why, even without the Temple, we continue to light candles on each night of Chanukah. As Rabbi Sacks eloquently wrote, we celebrate "because though the Temple was destroyed, Jewish hope was not destroyed."

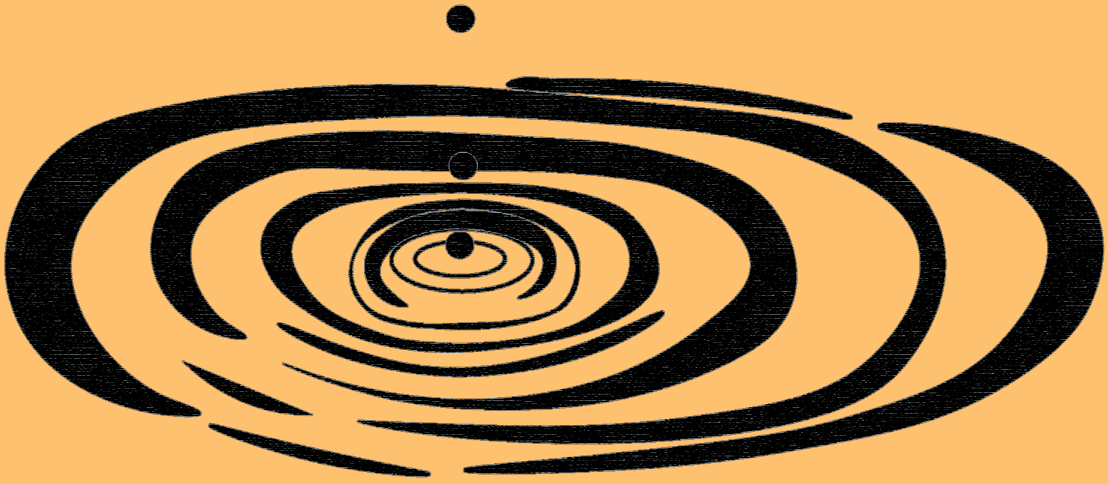
Photography.

"Rabbi" by Ava Rowse - 2023

"Sun and Sky" by Eli Blatter - 2021

"Walking into the Light" by Eli Turansky - 2024

Poetry.



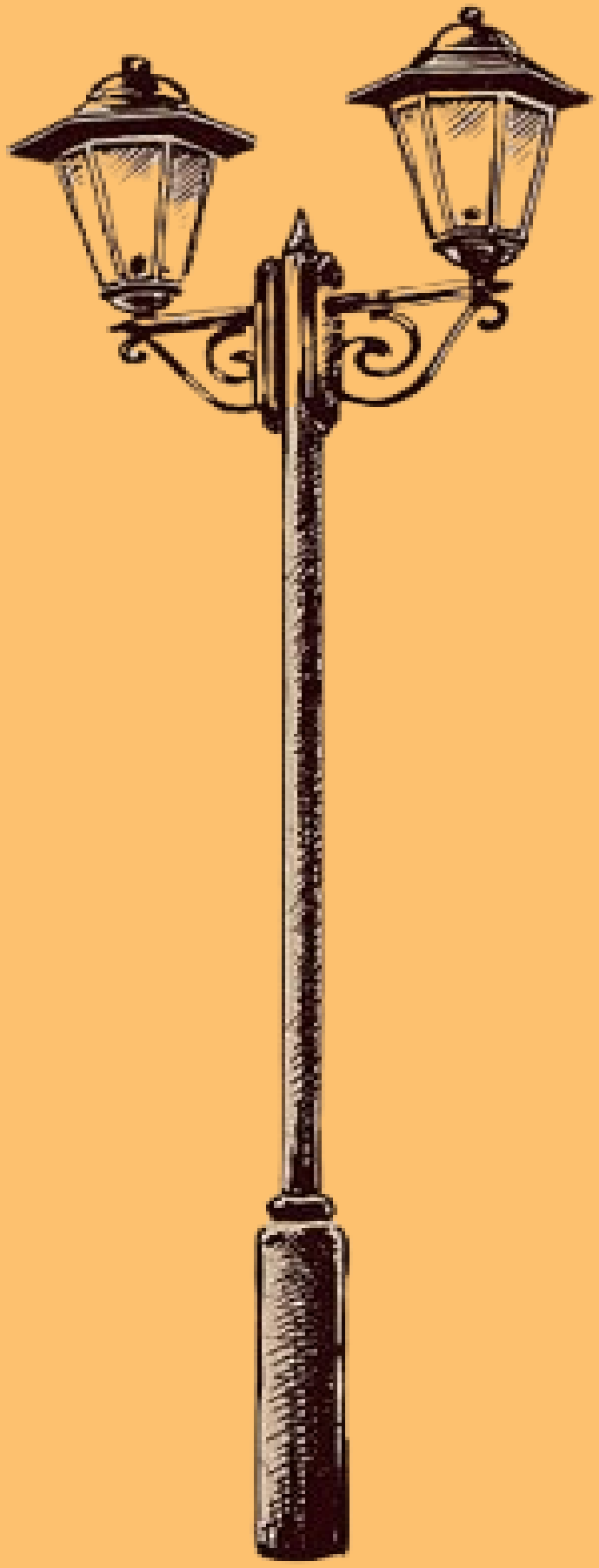
Dead Sea

By: Charlie Summers

On the bus home from Mount Scopus he spots two characters on the sidewalk:
a gaunt woman outside the salon for a quick smoke,
tinfoil-layered platinum hair mussed atop her head
and another dye-job, neon green hair on a ba'al teshuva
imparting unwanted wisdom onto his coworker on break.
He imagines the eyes of his lover flitting from one passerby to another
and as if to hallow his absence, the young man takes note of each garish shirt
and colorful set of socks, each fleeting necklace beneath the collar.
His lover is only an hour and a half away, and will return in a few days' time.

Lighter Through Light

By: Ilana Zlotchenko



You may feel heavy,
Yet shining a light
For another
May lighten you up.

Be it through reaching out,
Letting them know you're there.

Be it through sending a gift,
Even through food you can share.

Maybe it's physically meeting
In a space where you show you care.

Maybe it's allowing them to be alone;
Some may need this, which is not rare.

You never know how a small act
Can help one in need.

You never know if your gesture
Will allow them to succeed.

And while you help another in struggle,
You may feel relieved—

You may have actually done or said
Something you wished for or believed.

While you may feel dreary,
Bringing happiness
And helping another
May bring light to all.

Charlie Summers

Mitzpetel

By: Charlie Summers

Last month, I dreamt of a concrete block adorned in rusted wire and sitting atop a hill.
A picnicking mother and children flickered through violet petals,
while a set of twins shushed each other with sticky hands, huddled
in the thicket, awaiting their grandparents a few meters behind.
We meandered around the concrete on the city's edge, looking out
through distant, blurring hills onto the northern tip of the Dead Sea,
where I recall driving you in another dream a few nights back, and
that bleak wall, crawling along the rises and dips of closer slopes.
I handed you my phone in a flash of vanity, tumbling to the ground,
and after a few photos, I gestured for you to come lay with me.
Thoughts of you and the sun and the flowers danced in my mind,
and nothing else, except the somber blue building near the barrier.
You smiled in earnest, I leaned back, your hand covered part of the lens.
I woke up with the lingering sensation of your fingers grazing my own.

The Problem is the Books

By: Nira Dayanim

"Honey, I want to move the bookcase, but the problem is the books," Dad said. His thick Persian accent rounded out the O's, cooing them like an owl, or a child in a bedsheet ghost costume.
I glanced at the big white behemoth, equal parts particle board and thinly veiled chaos. The bookcase parked squarely in the door frame of my bedroom made it hard to enter the room, let alone close the door. *There is no world in which the books are the problem here*, I thought. *The problem is clearly the bookcase*, its doors shut tight, standing there like the house was built
around it, like moving it would crack the very foundation of everything I knew and everything I was.

You can' t move me, I've been here longer than you, it cooed. It rounded its O's just like my dad.

At first, I thought the bookcase would be gone by Passover. *We've put that behind us*, I thought. *People are resilient. People move furniture all the time.* I longed to feel the freedom of a doorway unburdened, to dance through a wide open passageway like my ancestors at the Red Sea. I climbed to the peak of the creaky pine stairs, narrow, winding, and over a century old. I whipped around the corner, registering that my bedroom door was closed. *It was gone*. I could breathe.

I pictured Mom and Dad carrying the bookcase down the stairs, books and all. It was doable, as long as they shouldered the weight together. *I've got this side*, Mom would say. *I'm carrying this with you.*

When I opened the door, the whiteness was blinding. The vision of my parents as stair-climbing pioneers faded. *All I could see was the bookcase*. There it was in all its looming 90s IKEA glory. Right. Smack. Dab. In. The Middle. Of. My. Room.

I should have expected it. Since arriving in the United States as a refugee, Dad has never been too good at confronting the bookcase in the door frame. If it's in my room, at least he doesn't have to look at it. Still, knowing it had been light enough to push one way or the other, it was hard to swallow that Dad chose to push it further in.

Passover came and went, and unlike the Matzoh and holiday hyacinths, the bookcase remained. There it was, taunting me. *You can' t move me on your own,* it said. *I'm too heavy and you will always be too weak.*

I felt like I did when I was a kid and first moved upstairs: like the house was haunted and something was hiding around the corner. It was the first thing I saw every morning when I woke up, and every night I had to maneuver around it to get to my bed. I couldn't ignore the bookcase, not anymore. Now it was haunting me too.

So I stomped my way downstairs and planted myself in front of Dad, who sat absorbed on the green couch, mindlessly snacking while watching the news on his laptop. "*I've had enough*," I said. "*We're moving it now*," I said. "*Dad*," I said. "*Dad,*" I said. "*Dad!*" He stared blankly at his screen. I exhaled, deflated.

"*Yes, Nirajoon*?" Dad said, just as I was about to leave. Removing his headphones, he glanced up from his laptop. I cleared my throat. "*Daddy, can we move the bookcase please*?"

I felt like Queen Esther standing in front of the king of Persia, hoping he would hear her out. Afraid, but not unsure, because my people's continuity requires confrontation.

Dad lifted his mug of chai nabat off the oak side table, cradling it in his hands. He furrowed his eyebrows, gazing down into the light brown liquid. *I already told you*, he mumbled, his eyes on the tea. "*The problem is the books. If you want to move it, we have to get rid of them.*"

While I paused, at a loss for words, muted Farsi hummed through his headphones, filling the silence. The cadence of that lilting language paired with the piled pistachio shells stacked in a dish on the couch's armrest transported me to a moment on my grandfather, Bababazorg's couch years before. "*A Jew needs three things, Nirajoon: enough money to leave at a moment's notice, updated papers, and the skills to work anywhere. You never know when we'll have to go,*" Baba said.

In that moment, Baba sounded the same as when he taught me the rules of backgammon and to sip tea with a sugar cube between my front teeth. It was starting to click why Dad wanted the bookcase to be empty. *The less you keep, the less you have to carry with you.*

But now that the bookcase had parked itself in my doorway, it wasn't his to carry alone. Now it weighed on me too. "*Okay*," I said. "*Let' s take out the books together*." Dad looked up, meeting my eyes. He nodded.

So together, Dad and I climbed the stairs, floorboards creaking beneath our feet, an audible reminder of just how old the house is. In the deed from when it was built in 1906, it's written plainly that no Jews were allowed to buy the home. But there we were.

We reached the top of the stairs, turned the corner, and paused, knowing what stood behind my door, but still not entirely sure. I stepped forward, grasping the weathered brass knob in my palm, and opened the door. Like a stinging cut exposed to air after centuries covered, stood the bookcase.

I glanced at Dad. He hovered in the doorway, looking pale and haunted. Facing the shelf, his kippah was even with the plank of cheap fiberboard atop the looming structure. Somehow, its presence still dwarfed him. So I stood with him. Together we faced the behemoth, took a breath, and opened its doors.

As expected, inside, books. Bindings richly colored, they glistened like jewels in the heart of a pomegranate. But before I could scan a single title, Dad sank to his knees. Like a man possessed, he started frantically pulling the books off the shelves in stacks, tossing them to the floor.

"*Slow down, let me help*," I said, met with silence. The books piled up between me and Dad, leaving no space for me to kneel beside him. So I retreated to the doorway, watching from afar.

In a matter of minutes, the bookcase was empty. Hollow and skeletal, it was as harmless as a child in a bedsheet ghost costume. Without a word, Dad stood, brushing dust from his knees. "*Step to the side please, Nirajoon,*" he said softly. "*I'm moving the bookcase.*"

I stepped to the side, and Dad pushed the bookcase back into the hallway, closing my bedroom door behind him. And when everything was back where it started, he marched down the stairs alone, leaving me with the books.

All I could see was the books. Like paper cairns, they stood in knee-high stacks across the floor. Tall and narrow, but balanced against one another, each paper generation weighed down by the last in a haphazard literary chain. I built a cairn once with Dad at the top of Mt. Washington. "*As long as the foundation is sound, even the unlikeliest structures can remain strong, joonam,*" he said. Then, that mountain was the prettiest place I'd been.

Still, every time I'm in a beautiful place, I still wonder if it's as beautiful as Shiraz: the city where the flowers smell so sweet in the spring it makes you dizzy, the city that made my father and ten generations before him, the city that, because I'm Jewish, I will never see.

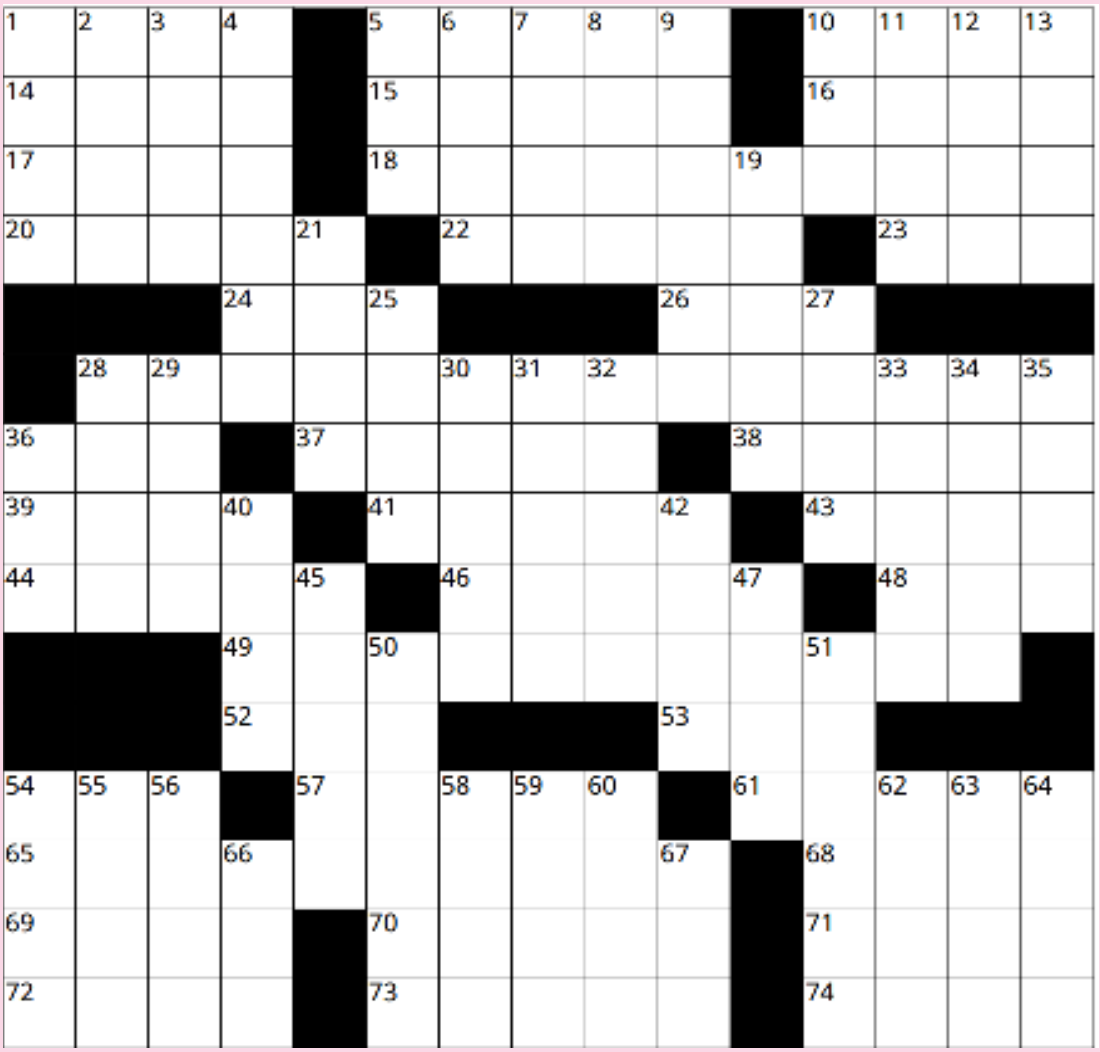
All I could see was the books. I stepped through the stacks, tracing my fingers along the spines. At the center of the room, between two piles, I paused. I selected the book atop each. I read the covers. A book about the Jewish exodus from Iran in one hand and the Holocaust in the other, I am pressed in the place that my people know best; like a saffron flower between the pages of the past and the present, one tragedy and the next, I am neither one thing or another, and maybe nothing at all.

Dad's copy of *The Jungle Book* sat on the floor by the door, the title, inlaid in gold, catching the light. Plucking it from the floor and pressing it to my chest, I remembered how Dad read a chapter to me each night before bed, his warm accented voice lulling me to sleep. Before I knew about the Iranian revolution, I thought it was his story: Dad was Mowgli, a child fighting to survive in a foreign world. A boy shaped by the jungle around him.

All I could see was the books. A leather bound *Chumash*, a printed Torah, caught my eye. I picked it up. Cradling it in my hands, I am reminded that every time we think all hope is lost, it's the books that we've preserved for generations that keep our tradition alive. Burned, banned, and boxed away, the words that survive bridge the snapped links in a chain as old as time. I thought of my people, of everywhere we've been and all the times our story almost ended.

The problem is not the books. It never has been.

Everything On It



By Lilah Cohen

Across

1 Head
5 Words before "big deal" or "small thing"
10 Swedish car maker
14 So much
15 Christian equivalent to Iblis
16 So. Cal. campus
17 Lowers the level
18 **"Let me in!"
20 Double curves
22 "This could have been an _____"
23 Astronaut's home
24 Small cup sizes
26 Cruise or Hanks
28 **Maester's pain remedy
36 Bundle of paper
37 Yes or no follower
38 January in Mexico City
39 Hebrew A
41 "Copacabana" showgirl and others
43 Alaskan island city
44 Take an exam, again
46 Quick with a joke
48 Emerson's monogram
49 **Soup variety
52 Multimedia filing form.
53 Inky tool
54 Perfect serve
57 LGBTQ watchdog org.
61 Avant garde rock star Frank
65 **Ramsons
68 Put up a roof
69 Old Welsh name meaning "purity"
70 Adieus
71 Brit's bottom
72 Word with hot or box
73 Russian vodka nickname
74 Unfair influence

Down

1 Miami-_____ county
2 Singer Redding
3 May honorees
4 Stamp a document
5 Prefix with 'tope'
6 Adhesive
7 Stalk
8 Grandma, affectionately
9 At the place
10 Dubious
11 Smoothie berry
12 Offerings for the poor
13 Lovers, in slang
19 Run away secretly
21 Fifth avenue retailer
25 Ground
27 Mysterious Lisa
28 Y-chromosome haver
29 The _____ of March
30 Gloomy expression
31 Expresses purpose
32 Toffee candy bar
33 Former pitcher Martínez
34 British shrimp
35 Oxen frame
36 Childish card game
40 World Cup grp.
42 This is a sign
45 Lieutenant on "Perry Mason"
47 Santa _____ Valley, CA wine region
50 Notes below Fs
51 Way to get around town
54 Stuns
55 French 'film'
56 _____ Kazan, filmaker
58 "I smell a _____!"
59 Deep female
60 Gauge
62 Prefix with menopause
63 Home of Galileo
64 Brews
66 Banned insecticide
67 Long time crime drama

Mitzpeh Matchmaker presents... Icebreakers:

One of the most controversial traditions of the UMD Jewish community is beginning every Shabbat meal with an icebreaker. As dreaded as this practice may be for some, the power of a good icebreaker is undeniable. From an awkward Shabbat meal to a first date, these icebreakers are sure to spice up any conversation.

If you could meet one prominent figure in Jewish history, who would it be?
Would you rather have toes as fingers or fingers as toes?
If animals could talk, which one do you think would be the meanest?
What would your cartoon character outfit look like?
Would you rather have to fly in a plane everywhere or walk everywhere?
What would the theme song to your TV show be?
If you were a potato, how would you like to be cooked?
What would the title of your memoir be?
What is your high school's biggest scandal?
How many camels are you worth and why?
What are three non-necessity items you would bring with you on a desert island?
If you could turn anyone Jewish, who would it be?
If you could be the president, what would be your first order of business?
If you had the power to save the world from alien invaders by showing them one album from music history, what album would that be?
What would have been your role in the medieval village?
What is your love language?
What is your comfort meal?
If you could only eat one food for the rest of your life what would it be?
What's the best birthday you ever had?
What is one thing you've kept secret from your parents to this day?

The best way to support Jewish journalism is by reading this magazine and engaging with all of the ideas that come from student writing...

The second best way would be donating to Mitzpeh! Your donations and a little bit of fundraising are what make projects like this possible.